A PASTORAL ELEGY

On the DEATH of

Mr. John Playford.

[Note, *The Notes with this Mark* * *over them, are to be ſung Demiquavers.*]

The Words by Mr. Tate. *Set by Mr.* Henry Purcell.

Entle Shepherds, you that know the Charms of Tune—ful Breath, that

Harmony in Grie——f can ſhow, Lament, Lament, for Pi——ous *The—ron's* Death!

Theron, the good, the friend--ly *Theron's* gone! *Theron, Theron*, the good, the friend-ly *Theron's*

Soft. *Loud.*

gone! Ren ——————ding Mountains, weeping Fountains, groaning Dales, and Ecchoing Vales, if

49. 4. 19. 2.

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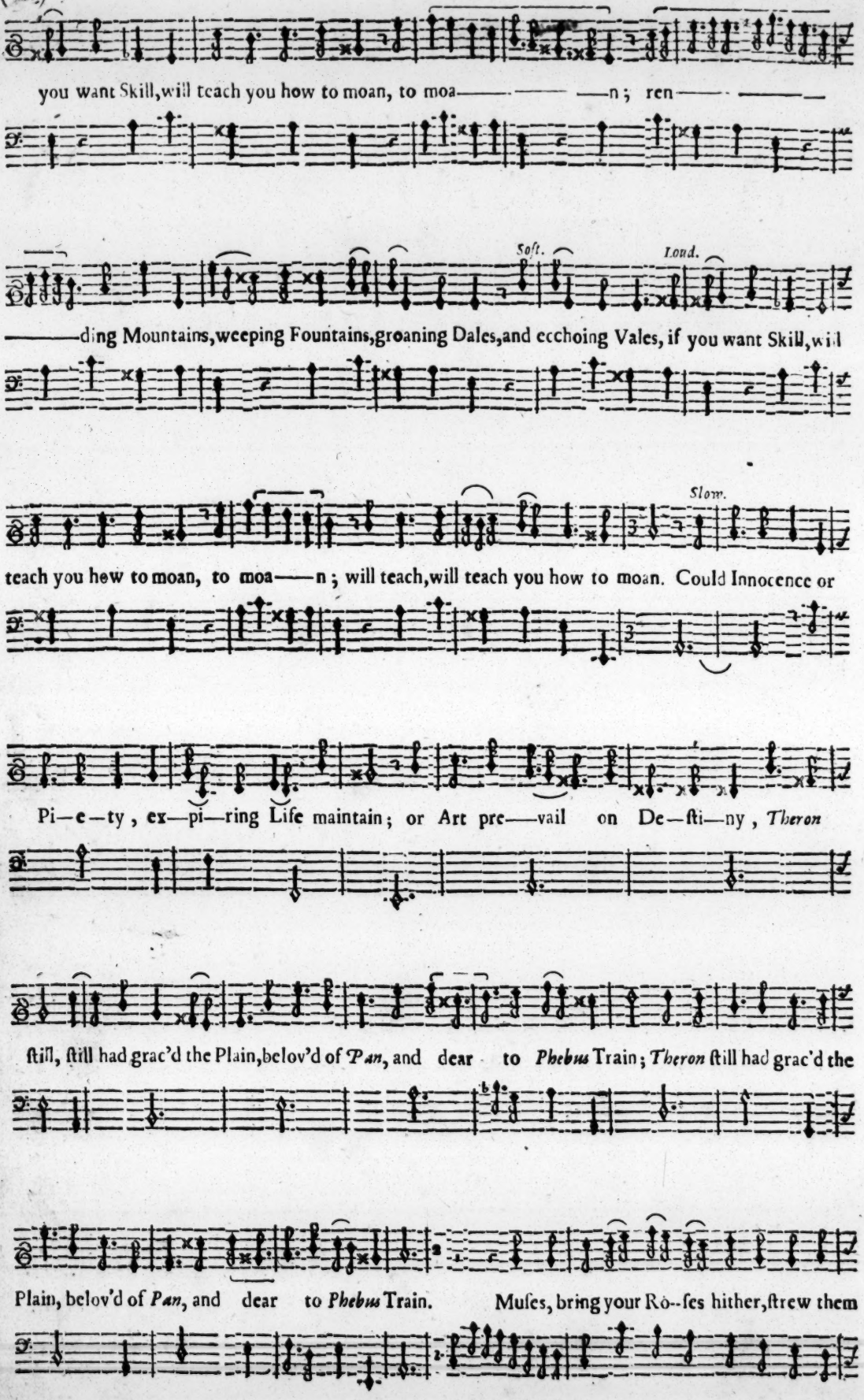
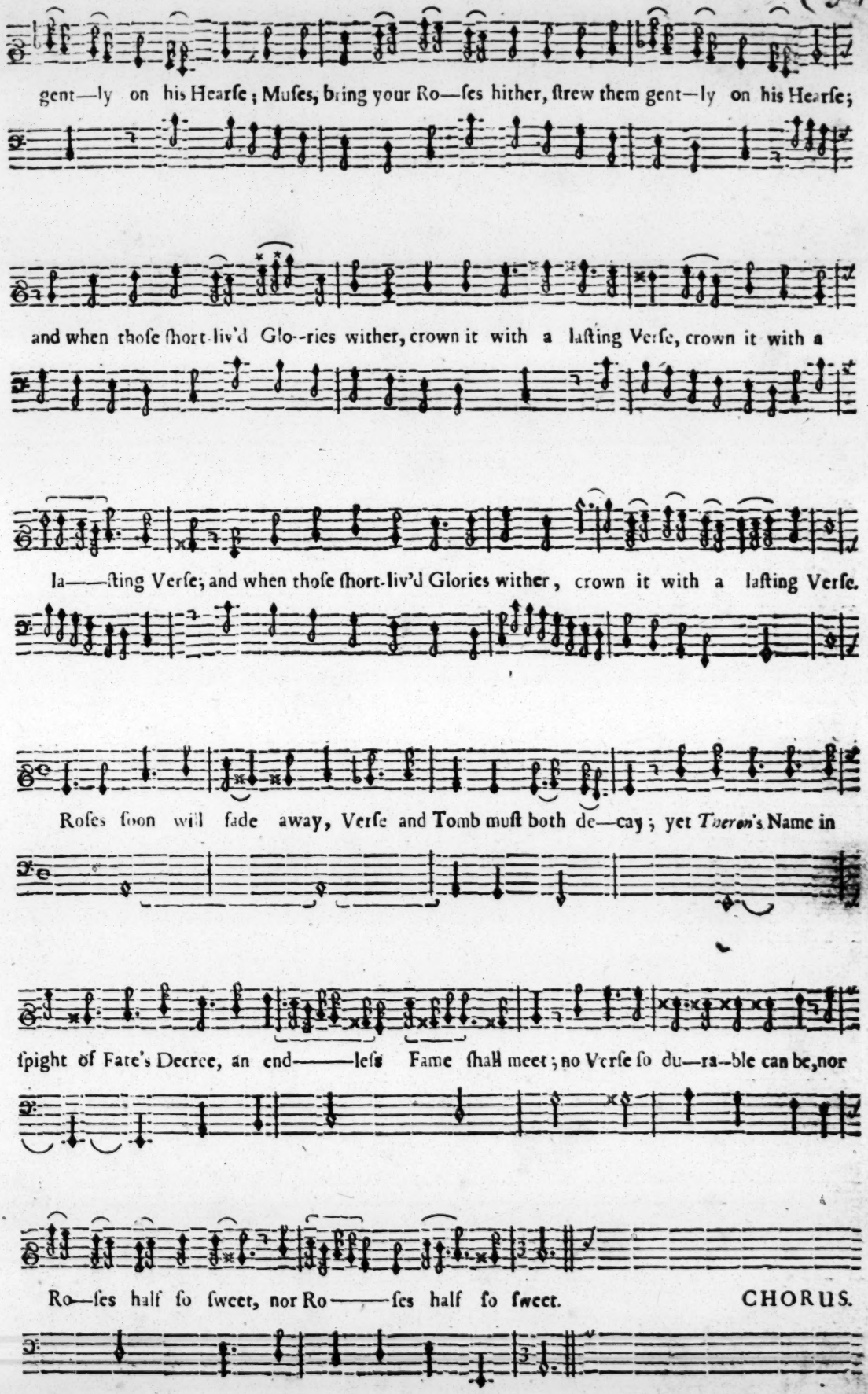
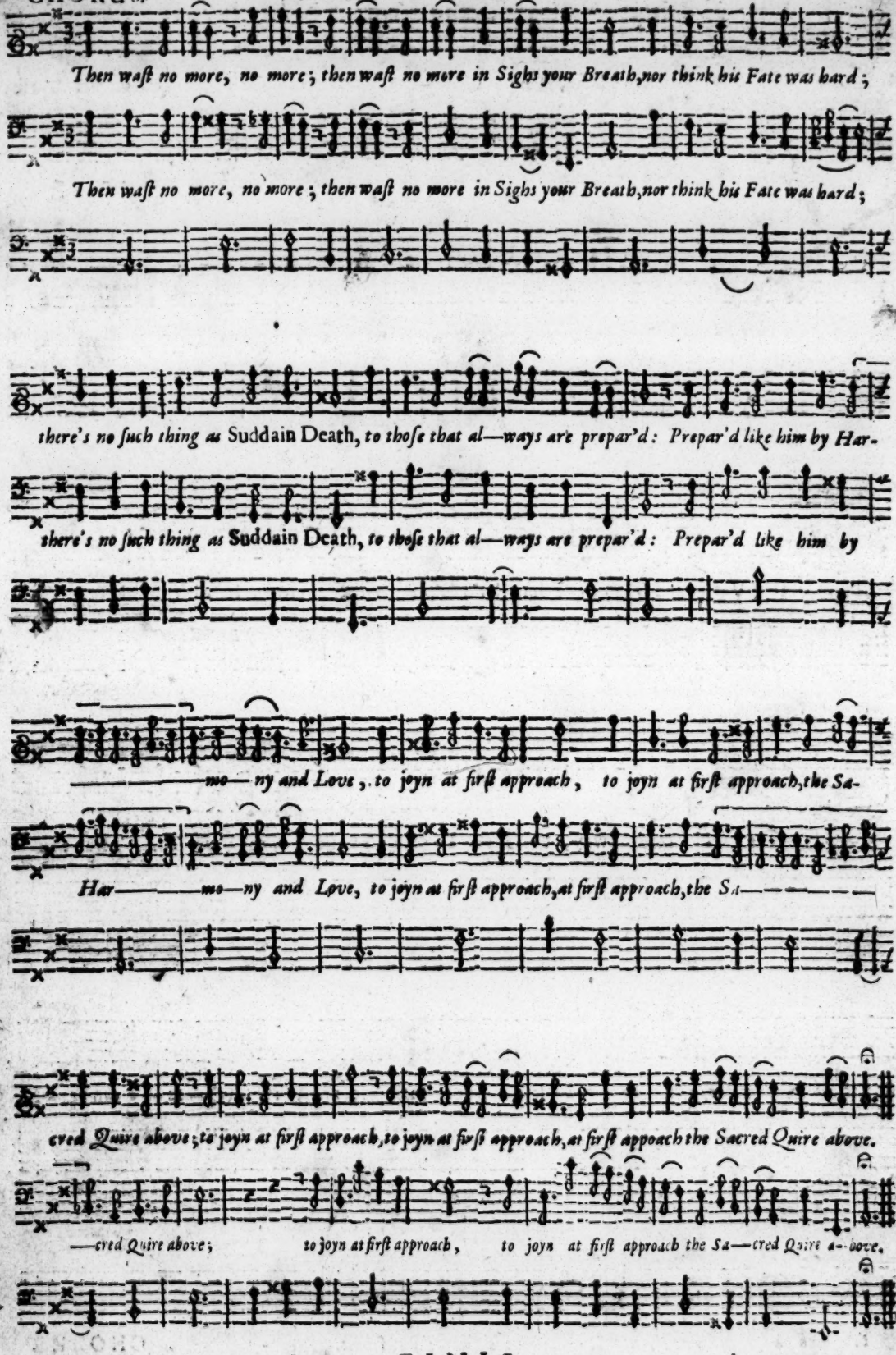

you want Skill, will teach you how to moan, to moa——n; ren——
Soft.
Loud.
——ding Mountains, weeping Fountains, groaning Dales, and ecchoing Vales, if you want Skill, will
Slow.
teach you how to moan, to moa——n; will teach, will teach you how to moan. Could Innocence or
Pi—e—ty, ex—pi—ring Life maintain; or Art pre——vail on De—ſti—ny, Theron
ſtill, ſtill had grac'd the Plain, belov'd of Pan, and dear to Phebus Train; Theron ſtill had grac'd the
Plain, belov'd of Pan, and dear to Phebus Train. Muſes, bring your Ro--ſes hither, ſtrew them


gent—ly on his Hearſe; Muſes, bring your Ro—ſes hither, ſtrew them gent—ly on his Hearſe;
and when thoſe ſhort-liv'd Glo--ries wither, crown it with a laſting Verſe, crown it with a
la——ſting Verſe; and when thoſe ſhort-liv'd Glories wither, crown it with a laſting Verſe.
Roſes ſoon will fade away, Verſe and Tomb muſt both de—cay; yet *Theron's* Name in
ſpight of Fate's Decree, an end——leſs Fame ſhall meet; no Verſe ſo du—ra--ble can be, nor
Ro—ſes half ſo ſweet, nor Ro——ſes half ſo ſweet. CHORUS.

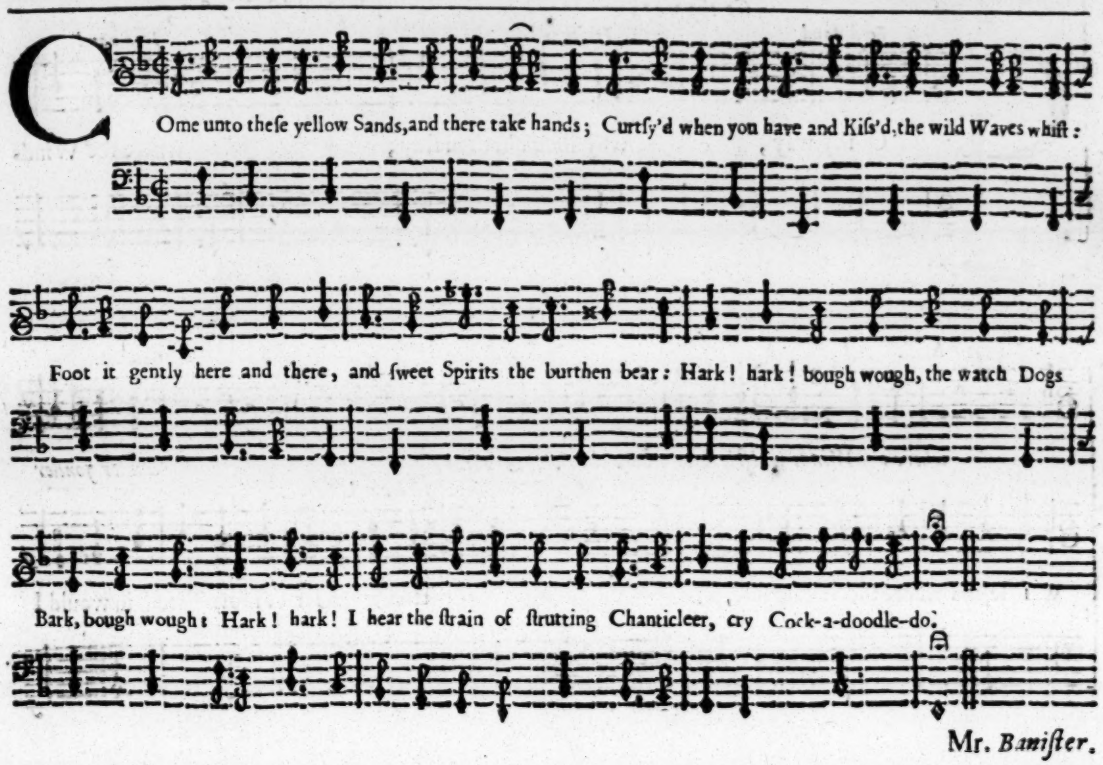
CHORUS.



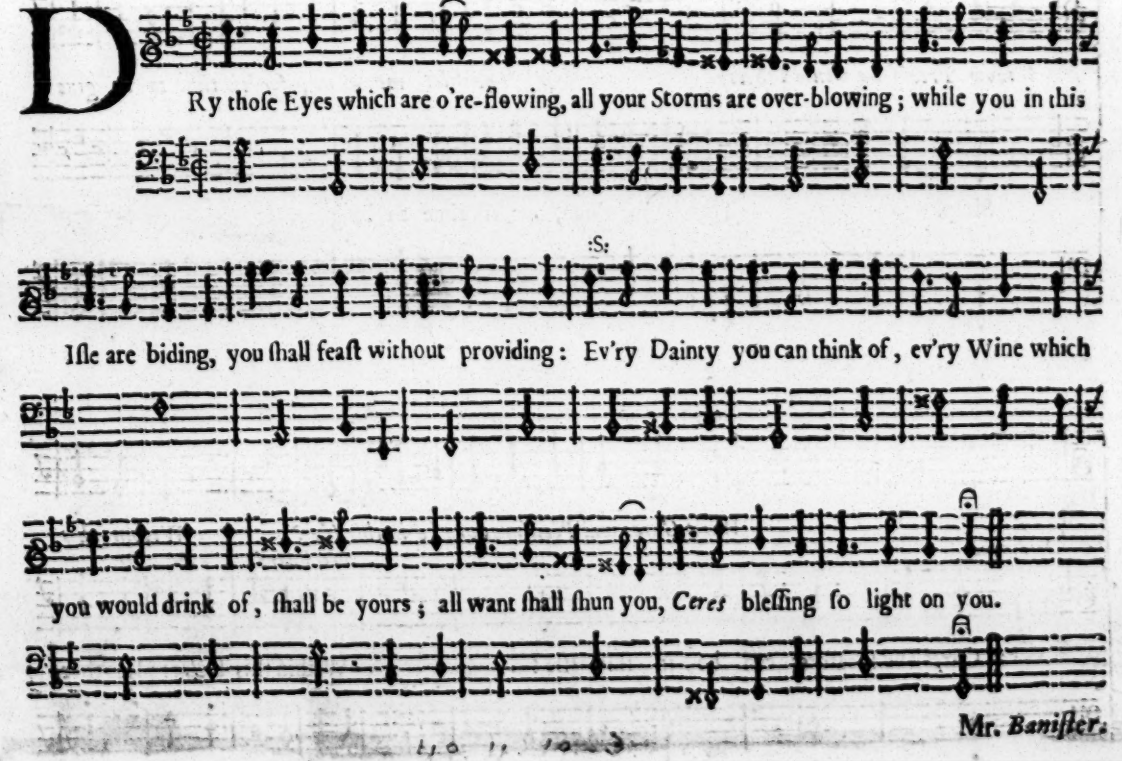
FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for Henry Playford, 1687.

The ARIELS *Songs in the Play call'd the* TEMPEST.



Mr. *Baniſter.*



Mr. *Baniſter.*